

## MEMORY'S WILLOW.

BY JENNIE CRICK.

The day with its sunbeams dipped in dew,  
Has passed thro' the evening's golden gates,  
And a single star in the cloudless blue  
For the rising morn in silence waits.

The lillie nod to the sound of the stream  
That winds along with a lulling flow,  
And, either awake or half a dream,  
I pass thro' the realms of Long Ago.

There are aches Memory's bitter pain,  
And aching heart and a broken vow,  
And aching heart and a broken vow,  
And aching heart and a broken vow.

There are joys and sorrows, sunshine and tears,  
That cheer the path of life's April hours,  
And a long wish for the coming years,  
That if we ever breathe with the fairest flowers.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight dies,  
And the night's first look to the earth is cast,  
I gaze 'neath these beautiful summer skies  
At the pictures that hang in the hall of the Past.

Oh, sorrow and joy chant a mingled lay,  
When to Memory's willow we wander away.

## BELISARIUS.

New York Graphic.

I must confess that I always had a weakness for elephants.

You have no idea how much of exquisite sensitiveness, extreme delicacy—nay, of genuine poetry is concealed under this rough and wrinkled exterior. To me the elephant is a lyric poet spoiled in the making, but with all the irritability that characterizes the genus. What do I say? In fact he needs only his little blue cloak to be thoroughly equipped for his rhythmic task! It is a case of a philanthropist turned pachyderm. I saw one once at Benares sprinkling fresh water with his trunk upon the head of an English soldier, nearly dead of sunstroke. What human good Samaritan could have done more? Indeed I have often wondered why the academy has not before this awarded the Montygon prize to an elephant. But man is so unjust. He treats this noble being like a beast—this being at once so strong and gentle—in order not to be compelled to pay a debt of gratitude.

I believe there is much truth concealed in the Brahmin legend. You remember that according to that fable, when Vishnu had created man and discovered what a wretched mistake he had made he at once invented the elephant, in order that by means of his charming attributes saddened nature might find in him a compensation for all the shortcomings of the wicked biped.

Some years ago I visited a small town in the south of France, to assist one of the friends of my boyhood in an electoral contest. Every day I contrived to pass a portion of the afternoon at the local Jardin des Plantes.

Three eucalyptus trees, five palms, two specimens of the silante and six Italian pines—all very dusty—together with a dozen orange trees, were the only exotic representatives of the vegetable kingdom. The fauna of the tropics was suggested by four phthisicky monkeys, several hyenas, a porcupine, two very young brown bears, a rather melancholy young dromedary, a flabby old lion, and—the gem of the collection—an elephant from the coast of Corymandel.

He was called Belisarius, from his being blind of one eye.

I at once made friends with this noble animal. A strong sympathy drew me towards him, while he, in turn, was not long in getting acquainted with me, although manifesting, but with great tact, a sense of his own superiority.

As soon as he saw me coming the captive would greet me with a low trumpet note of satisfaction, and after having swung round his long proboscis as a sign of welcome, he would raise it above the iron barrier which separated us and receive from my hand the delicate rye bread rolls with which I had taken care to provide myself. And fixing on me his one eye, which gave to his intelligent face an air of paternal gentleness, and which seemed to sadden his charming smile, he appeared to thank me for the thoughtfulness that thus ministered to his tastes.

His keeper's dwelling, a pretty cottage completely covered with honeysuckle, opened on the enclosure where he was usually exhibited. I noticed at the window a young woman who was generally singing as she rocked the cradle of a sturdy pink-and-white, chubby faced infant. The delicate beauty of the mother and the inviting appearance of the neat little rustic home served to throw around the Colosseum of the Jungle an atmosphere of peace and happiness. From time to time Belisarius would approach the window, and with his trunk thrown in the air would seem to send a kiss to the baby asleep in its wicker nest. It occurred to me that the family must be very fond of this great, kind brute, whose manifestations of dumb affection were evidently so sincere.

A voice disturbed my reflections. It was the keeper who, while performing his usual duties in his boarders' cage, had spoken to me. He understood how much interest I took in his pet, and even seemed to guess my thoughts.

"Ah, yes, Monsieur. Every one adores him, but no one more than I, I assure you. Belisarius made my fortune, and made me happy."

At the word "fortune" I had involuntarily summoned before my mind's eye a vision of the mines of Golconda and Mogul fever; but I reflected that the modest position held by the speaker was inconsistent with the extravagant conceptions of my imagination.

Constructing my silence into a desire to hear more, the man continued:

"A few years ago, Monsieur, I did not occupy the enviable position in which you see me to-day. Instead of being the keeper of the elephant I was only a common gardener, spading the beds, raking over the walks and watering flowers in this same garden. But I was in love—madly, rapturously in love!"

"Very often I was guilty of a serious infraction of the rules that regulated my professional duties. The rarest and most

beautiful of the flowers I was paid to guard and care for found their way to the little cottage you see there. She who lived there was the object of my affection, and she loved me in return. But when I made so bold as to ask for her hand her father, who then occupied the position I now hold, brutally showed me the door. He said he wouldn't have his daughter marry below her station, and that he designed her to be the wife of the man who took charge of the bear pit, who was in time to be his (the father's) successor. And I was only, as I have told you, a common gardener! But why, I ask myself, could I not make as good an elephant keeper as any other? Love made me ambitious.

"From that time I summoned all my courage, and surreptitiously entered the enclosure. I set my wits to work and lavished upon the elephant all the attentions of a real keeper. My father-in-law, it must be added, had been somewhat neglectful of Belisarius' comfort.

"The worthy animal appreciated my trouble. Ah! what intelligence—what a mind!—as clear as amber. After awhile he saw through my little scheme, for when I was there his one eye would turn roguishly towards the window where, it by accident, Lucie, the daughter of the real keeper, would appear, having chosen that very moment for shaking her crumb-cloth over poor Belisarius' head.

"Well, my love was to receive great assistance from this dumb beast, as you will see.

"The elephant's disposition, hitherto so mild and peaceful, changed suddenly. Belisarius, in spite of his having come to years of discretion, began to play tricks worthy of the vilest schoolboy. Thus one day, when the doors and windows of the cottage had been left open, this sly old pachyderm amused himself by moving all the furniture of my predecessor within reach into his inclosure. On another occasion, when his keeper was entertaining a few friends at dinner, there was discovered in the soup not the single permissible hair of ordinary domesticity, but a whole mass of something resembling fur. It seems that a dromedary, who occupied the next inclosure to his royal highness, had that day been deprived of his haircoat covering, and the elephant took advantage of the incident to introduce this novel flavoring into his keeper's soup without the knowledge of the cook.

"But these are only specimens of the deviltries that Belisarius was constantly perpetrating in his new role. At last it became evident, even to the not very acute intelligence of the keeper, that he would have to retire from his post in favor of some one more agreeable to the powerful and cunning brute. He therefore resigned, and all the employees of the Jardin were tried in turn as his successor. In vain! Belisarius had quite made up his mind as to the keeper he wanted, and was not to be driven from his fixed determination. I thus found myself master of the situation. Lucie's father was compelled to admit that I discharged the duties of the position better than any one else. But what a long step in advance for me and at my age—all the way from common gardener to elephant keeper!

"Than poor man, who was really anxious that his daughter should make a good match, did not show me out when I asked for her hand a second time.

"A month later Lucie and I were married. The wedding dinner was spread under the arbor covered with clematis that adorns the elephant's inclosure, which permitted Belisarius to attend as one of the guests. He also deigned to consume that portion of the feast which had been prepared for his special benefit. Eighteen of the little rye rolls he always found so toothsome and eleven bunches of carrots probably made his majesty feel almost as contented as if he were about being married himself. At all events they had a quieting and humanizing effect upon his disposition. No boyish tricks disturbed our frugal banquet—no dromedary hairs were found in the soup. With his single eye he gazed cheerfully upon the happy scene, and as you have seen, Monsieur, he still watches with the same thoughtful care over my wife and little one."

## DEATH OF A MONKEY.

A Singularly Human and Touching Scene—The Last Sad Parting.

Illustrated London News.

In his recently published treatise on the anthropoid apes, Professor Hartmann, of the Berlin university, tells a touching story of a large monkey, which belonged to the Zoological Gardens, of Dresden. Matuca, as she was named by Herr Schopf, the director of the gardens, was a personage of polite manners. She would blow her nose with a handkerchief, put on her own boots, wring out the linen, steel keys and open locks. She had a cup of tea every morning, and one of cocoa every evening, and at any time would fill her own cup or tumbler without spilling a drop—suggesting at once a sense of propriety and of appreciation of the beverage. Her death was quite pathetic. After some years' experience of the Dresden climate, she showed symptoms of consumption; and, if unable to realize the progress of the disease, she was quite conscious when it was drawing to a close. She would scarcely allow her friend, Dr. Schopf, who nursed her throughout her illness, to leave her sight. When the end approached, feeling her forces ebbing, she threw her arms around his neck, kissing him repeatedly, held out her hand to grasp his and fell back lifeless.

News items in the London journals, like guests at the London dinner table, take precedence according to rank and title. Russia, being an empire, comes first; then Austria, another empire; then Germany, another; then France, an empire and presumptive candidate for royalty; and then Turkey, Egypt and Spain. By the time the United States is reached there is no room left, and so we are given a stool in the corner and told to mind our manners.—Henry Watterson.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A farmer in Washington territory has successfully grown figs this year in the open air.

Thirteen milk dealers were fined \$25 each Monday at Buffalo for selling watered milk.

Boston horse-car drivers are petitioning for seats so that they may sit down while driving.

Chinamen are to establish a new town near Yreka, Cal., to be settled exclusively by Mongolians.

Judge Simrall has been nominated for congress by the republicans of the Third Mississippi district.

More state lands were sold in Nevada during July than were sold in twelve months previous.

A couple of corn-stalks on exhibition in a store at Fresno, Cal., measure over fourteen feet in height.

A truck-driver was fined \$40 in New York recently for running a lady's dress by his careless driving.

Charts of the Pleiades show, as visible to the direct eye, 625 stars, but the photographer reveals 1,421.

An 11-year-old colored girl gave birth to a two-and-a-half-pound baby boy at East Dallas, Tex., one day last week.

The old-fashioned low phonon is once more coming into popularity at Long Branch. The dog-cart is out of fashion.

Jaeson W. Ewing, well known in the southern part of Connecticut as the "temperance detective" died recently at New Haven.

A resident of Trebein, O., owns a mastodon tooth which is fourteen inches long, ten inches broad, and twenty-seven inches in circumference and weighs thirteen pounds.

Miss Hattie Hadsell was watching a game of base-ball in Pittsfield, Mass., when a foul ball struck her in the side, crushed her ribs, and injured her so that she may die.

A Woodstock, N. B., physician took some virus from the arm of a child which he had vaccinated. The father of the child sued for the value of the vaccine matter and got a verdict for \$3.50.

Thomas Garrett, of Baldwin county, Alabama, is said to be the oldest voter in this country. He is 119 years, old and cast his first vote for president in 1796, for John Adams. He is a democrat.

A valuable setter dog died lately at Otis, Mass., aged 20 years. In accompanying his owner on his travels the dog had crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and had journeyed over fifty thousand miles.

A new and insidious drink has been introduced by some Englishman, and is becoming popular in New York bar-rooms. It consists of three parts sherry and one part vermouth, and is called "bamboo."

Kingfish are reported very plentiful in the Greenwich, Conn., waters. These fish appeared there first about seven years ago, but only for a short time, and since then until the present time have not been caught in that vicinity.

A German cigar-maker of Buffalo has offered to go through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara sitting on a common beer keg if the railroads will make up a purse of \$500 to be given to him if he comes out alive or to his widow if he be killed.

"Keep out of this water millin patch," is a signboard nailed to a farm fence a little east of Brighton, Cal. Some wag turned the board over and wrote thereon: "Take one," and the poor farmer has been almost bankrupt in consequence.

The old-fashioned game of draughts, or checkers, as most of us call it, has taken a new hold on New England, and summer resorts from Greenwich up to Bar Harbor have the fever. Chess is too difficult a game for the New England intellect.

Fall River, Mass., has become a hot-bed of gambling resorts. They are open night and day, and young men are daily being victimized. Citizens are taking steps to form a law and order association for the purpose of waging an aggressive warfare against the swindlers.

An original interpretation was made by an Albany coroner. A witness said: "He was very thirsty—kept calling for water repeatedly." In order to abridge the sentence the coroner said to the clerk: "He was troubled with a severe drouth," and so it went down on the minutes.

A few months ago signs were hung up in the Avenue B cars, in New York City, which read: "These cars will not stop while passing the bridge." They were changed to: "These cars will not stop on the bridge." After a while they were changed again to: "These cars will not stop at the bridge." The signs were still criticised, and now they have been taken down.

The tube of the great Lick telescope now constructing will be fifty-six feet long, and with the enormous spectroscopic attached, the extreme length of the instrument will approach sixty-five feet. The only novel feature in the plans of the observatory is the use of hydraulic power to raise and lower the floor of the dome, thereby obviating the necessity of an observing chair.

In the days of '49, says Harper's Bazar a member of a party of miners strayed away from his companions and was destroyed by wild beasts. The friend upon whom it devolved to "break the news gently" to the bereaved parents showed himself equal to the occasion by writing the following letter: "Mister Smith Dear Sir the Kinies has ate your sun's head off Yurs John Jones."

Preparations are being made in Philadelphia for a grand celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the United States constitution in 1787. The governors of the thirteen original states will be present, parade, banquet, and speech-making will make an interesting programme, and the south and north will become more friendly than ever on a renewal of memories.

Monday, the Georgia revivalist, who is trying to convert Nashville, is a reformed gambler, circus juggler, and variety actor. He is 30 years old, straight as an arrow, and good looking. At a recent meeting in Nashville it is reported that "two gray-haired sinners, with both of whom the preacher had previously played poker, professed conversion and wept bitterly at the memory of their errors."

The huge deposit of oyster shells at Damariscotta, Me., is being removed. The Portland Transcript speaking of the removal says but few relics have been found thus far, but stone tools and human bones have been discovered. Shells have been found fourteen inches long, and those twelve inches long are common. One pair twelve inches long and six inches wide has been found, and it is estimated that the oyster which they contained would nearly have filled a pint measure.

A recent case of poisoning by paragon demonstrates that one can not be too careful in the use of that powder. Mr. Benjamin Bower a resident of Pleasantville, N. J., sprinkled paragon on his grape vines. The wind blew some of it into the face of Miss Allie Bower, his 20-year-old daughter. She inhaled it unconsciously, and soon after became violently ill. A physician, who was summoned immediately, could do nothing for her, and she died in a few days.

One of the most precocious youths in New York city is a red-headed lad who acts as secretary in a prominent banking firm. He is about four feet high and is so thin that his knickerbockered legs are not as thick as an ordinary boy's arm. In appearance he would be taken to be about 8 years old were it not for his large, bulging head, and the large circles under his eyes. He says he is 14. He is a good stenographer, and, perched upon a high chair, he picks away at a typewriter like a veteran.

A remarkable result of parental influence at birth is reported at Beemer-ville, Sussex county, N. Y., in the case of Mary J. Ayers, a young girl, who is said to possess the peculiarities of a turtle, owing to her mother having been bit by a turtle shortly before the birth of the child. The girl, it is said, has under each ear a protuberance like a turtle shell and a similar mark on her back. She is unusually homely, and in walking the motion of her arms involuntarily corresponds to those of her lower limbs. The physicians say that her peculiarities are incurable.

## A FRENCH DOCTRESS.

Startling Career and Melancholy Ending of a Notable Woman.

New York World.

The death is announced in Cochinchina, of Madame Dr. Ribart, a female surgeon of remarkable skill and whose career was very extraordinary, an experience that no other woman has ever had. Beginning as a waitress in a little drinking-shop of the Quatier Latin of Paris, she passed while still very young through the usual experiences of a Parisian grisette and became connected with a medical student who frequented the shop. Her instinct was irresistible. No sooner did she come in contact with his books and instruments than she fell upon them and literally devoured the knowledge they contained. She availed herself of his teaching, too, and drew from him everything he learned, so that by the time she had reached the age of 26 years she presented herself for examination as surgeon and passed the ordeal brilliantly and triumphantly. She soon recognized the field that lay open before her in the Egyptian harem, to which male surgeons were not admitted and where women suffered unspeakable torments for the lack of proper attendance.

At Cairo she speedily established a large practice and had every prospect of doing well, but her habits of dissipation had been formed early and were unconquerable. She plunged into inconceivable debauches, such as would not be admitted to the pages of even a chronic scandalous. Her career of vice ended finally in an Egyptian madhouse, and her sufferings in that horrible place were as great as her excesses had been. After six months of this severe but salutary regimen she recovered her mind, but never forgave her heartless and disreputable Levantine friends who had basely thrust her out of sight and mind into the horrors of an insane asylum.

Her career in Egypt was over, but she could not return to Europe, and nothing was left her but the French possessions in Asia. She made her way out to the French colony in Cochinchina. Here her talents and her beauty, which, despite the life she had led in Egypt, and her sufferings in the madhouse had never faded her, won her instant recognition and she was in great demand among women. The old queen mother of Annam had been blind for years and hailed with delight the prospect of relief held out to her by the French physician. Mme. Ribart died suddenly the day before the operation was to be performed, the result, as supposed, of the strains upon her health which her Egyptian experiences had entailed. She was still young and had prospects of redeeming the past, for her talents in her difficult profession were great and undoubted. Probably no European woman ever knew so much of the inner life of the harem in the east and its dark side as this ex-grisette.

A significant advertisement in a seaside paper inquires anxiously for a plain gold ring. "Lost at or near Lovers' rock."—Albany Journal.

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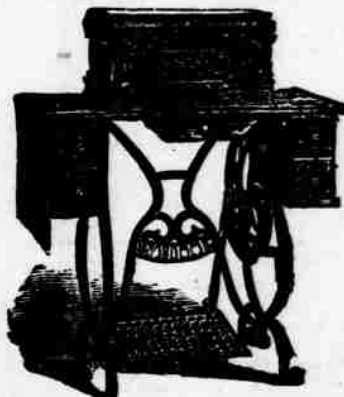
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Sad Fate of the "Great Eastern."

London Letter. As we steamed down the Mersey three days ago on our way to the open sea, there arose before us, towering over the entire jungle of shipping like some giant "Jocundwood" above the lesser trees of a South American forest, a vast black hull, crowned with six masts and four smokestacks, beside which Nelson's stateliest three-decker would have seemed no bigger than a yacht. Twenty-seven years ago that huge inert mass was the talk and wonder of Europe, and indeed the "floating city" which Jules Verne styled her in one of his most brilliant romances. Thousands of men looked forward exultingly to the time when she should carry across the ocean whole armies at once, and should revolutionize all the established conditions of modern transport. But now, having fallen far short of the splendid promise of her youth, and achieved only the gloomy renown of a magnificent failure, the "Great Eastern" has sunk into a gigantic advertisement of a well-known Liverpool store, whose gilt-lettered announcements glitter upon every part of her towering sides and dome-like paddle-boxes.

Mlle. Rhea worships the memory of Rachel and makes frequent visits to her grave in Pere la Chaise cemetery.

## Ogallah Store!

OGALLAH, KANSAS.

C. H. BENSON, PROPRIETOR.

I aim to take the Farmer's Produce, and sell them at the

LOWEST PREVAILING FIGURES.

Everything they need in the way of

## DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES,

GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED,

And the general rounds of a store run on business principles.

Call and see me.

C. H. BENSON.

## J. S. TURNER,

## NEW STORE

SOUTH OF RAILROAD TRACK.

I have opened a general store, where the people can buy at the lowest rate

## GROCERIES, CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS & CAPS,

FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

I am an old resident of this region, and present for your inspection a class of goods which will not fail to suit my neighbors.

## Prices the Cheapest!

COME AND SEE ME ANYWAY.

## J. S. TURNER.

## FOR

## BREAD,

Pies and Cakes of all kinds,

—GO TO—

## FRANK SNIDER'S,

One Door West of the Commercial Hotel,

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.

LUNCH AT ALL HOURS,

—AND A—

## GOOD SQUARE MEAL

AT ANY TIME.

COME AND SEE US